

Monroe Wash.  
Dec. 31, 1905

enough but of course my claim would be no good as security till I had it in my possession when I suppose it would be easy enough to borrow the money. Of course timber values are bound to rise here before long. Timber sells on the stump in Minnesota for from \$8. to \$15. per thousand (feet, board measure). Here it sells from fifty cents to \$1.50. ~~and the~~ They boys have their three claims about half a mile from a river where they could float logs to the ocean. A railroad may be put in within half a mile too. Fine soil and fine timber averaging between 5 and 7 million feet to the quarter section.

Oh, I started to tell about my Seattle trip but got switched on to another track. One of the things that impressed me was the large number of shops that had no front windows but were open to the street, or protected only by iron gratings. Imagine an open grocery in your rigorous New England climate. In the residence part of the town, the lawns

Dear Sid: - Please find enclosed a U.S. certificate for five silver dollars. I tried to find another one like it but this is the only bill they had in town. You know everything is sold out here. No bills and no pennies except at the Post Office, bank or foreign store. If you get a check cashed for an amount that doesn't come in nickels they generally either give or take the half nickel or we would a half cent in Ohio. Percy tried the other day for half an hour to change eighty dollars into bills in Seattle but could only get ten dollars in Canadian bills. I want you to go to the theatre or buy books or a new hat or anything that you want. It's a little late for a Christmas or even a New-Year's present and I don't believe much in Christmas presents any way. I'll just use the money as an investment. I don't mean a loan

of course. We haven't many bills out here but I want you to remember that there is lots of good Klondike gold. If you are ever afraid of getting stuck write or telegraph. I would prefer to furnish ~~goods~~ without having the bother of keeping track of it or expecting it back, but if you feel timid about asking for it under such conditions

I'll let you have it under any conditions. How would you like some assistance in the shape of monthly instalments? I might let you <sup>have</sup> fifteen or twenty dollars a month. I have pretty nearly ~~enough~~ now to cancel my Oberlin debts and have paid Percy the \$30 I owed him.

I was up in Seattle a week ago and had a peak of a time. The mill shut down Friday Saturday and Monday. We went off Thursday night and come back Monday morning. Joy come back the Friday after we went away and the boys come back Tuesday night so you see we come struggling in one after the other. The boys went to take up timber claims in Clallam County

and found they couldn't leave joy at a friends in Seattle so sent her back to a hotel in Monaca. I wanted to take up a claim awfully bad but it costs a good deal \$150.00 for cruising and locating expenses, 25.00 nearly for travelling etc, and \$2.50 per acre after 90 days for the land. You see the total mounts up to nearly six hundred dollars. When you get the land it is worth from one thousand to ten thousand for the 160 acres. A man near the boys got was offered \$8900.00 for 130 acres. Mr. Dolly who located the boys bought a large tract for \$1500.00 per quarter section. Claims are getting scarcer now and Pres. Roosevelt in his message to Congress asked them to repeal the timber law, so probably in a month or two timber claims will be a thing of the past. Harry Willett had his money from the sale of a farm in Iowa and the ~~the~~ boys borrowed from their father at six per cent. If I had a chance to borrow the money in the same way I'd do it quick

life. Mrs. Farmer is slight and wears ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> spotted,  
she has a fascinating (?) little <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ partly  
natural and partly acquired. She doesn't know  
anything about cooking and doesn't like to get up  
till after sunrise. She wishes to devote  
her life to poetry, music and art. Pronounce  
art, "ahrt" and to properly <sup>with life</sup> render the word  
poetry you must purse up <sup>up</sup> the way a New  
Yorker does when he says "perfectly." She  
sang us some songs she had composed, music and  
words. She loves to write poetry. She paints too -  
rather pasty style I should call it. Had a rather  
pretty sunset scene on the wall and I saw what  
I supposed was her work on some flowers and  
people. Her work reminds me something of <sup>Charles</sup>  
Peck's - no high lights or shadows.

She has rather romantic ancestry. Her mother  
is a "lady" barber and recently married a young  
chap that first asked for the hand of the daughter  
but was discouraged from his suit by the  
parental disapproval.

I wanted to get Mrs. Poetry in a corner and  
ask her whether she believed in Art for Art's  
sake but her devoted hubby kept her close around

are all a beautiful fresh green and flowers  
are often in full foliage. Holly is quite a favorite  
plant. Nasturtiums and geraniums were growing  
nicely, and pansies and cypripediums and  
dahlias and even roses were everywhere in bloom.  
Many of the well opened roses looked a little blighted  
and the frost had hurt most of the dahlias. ~~The~~  
~~roses~~ are all covered. Many of the houses are  
covered with beautiful green ivy. All the  
larger deciduous trees are bare of their foliage  
or it would be hard to believe that it wasn't  
summer.

I lived mostly on oysters and fish during my  
stay. It's a fine place for anything of that kind.  
Any salt water fish on one side of the city and  
three big lakes in the city. Lake Washington is  
twenty-two miles long. The only thing that was  
really new to me was the Puget Sound  
oysters. When you ask for oyster stew you  
have to specify whether you want Sound or Eastern.  
The Eastern are of course grown in western

water but they cost like the dew. (Not particularly appropriate figure?) Half a dozen cost 30 cents, a dozen cost 60¢ too. The sound oysters are about the size of <sup>little</sup> oyster crackers and rather better flavour than the eastern I think.

I went to Plymouth church on Sunday and several men introduced themselves to me. The first man (a Mr. Coleman who owns one of the finest business blocks in the city) asked me where I was from. When I said Oberlin, he said his wife was an O. grad. and introduced me to her and a whole raft of Oberlin people. Several of the big men of the city are Oberlin men. I met Emelyn Pick's uncle. You don't have to say the Ohio part of it when you mention Oberlin. Why even the stenographer at Mr. Nolley's office told me both her parents graduated there. She was a Ireland Stanford girl. Every body was very cordial to me.

I had a fine visit at Mrs. Harger's. You remember Mamma's Norwegian friend on Woodland Avenue? One of the girls was a

high school classmate of mine - quite a cute girl. I like the older two rather the better. They were both con. girls. I went Sat. afternoon, accepted a pressing invitation to dinner and stayed till ten. There was another chap invited to dinner. His mother is in Oberlin Fisher on N. Prof. St. He's been here five years and to the Klondike. Offered me a lot of advice and offered to show me the city on Sunday. We didn't meet however, - quite as much my fault as anyone's.

Didn't get this finished last night because we had an invitation out next door. Our neighbors are two young married couples (I imagine it. All in a little four roomed house). Oh, by the way, Evelina thinks we live in a log house. Of course that would be rather ~~not~~ queer when we send out several carloads of finished lumber every day. Well I'll tell you about our neighbors. They have a cooperation system of housekeeping. Mrs. Edgington - a pretty black eyed Irish girl (not very Irish) does the cooking for the family while Mrs. Garner, her brother's wife tends to the aesthetic side of their